

THE QUIVER

Saturday, June 3, 1871.



"Riding gaily with Sydney through the sunny park"—p. 556.

TRIED.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "A STORY OF VIONVILLE."

CHAPTER XX.

"I ALWAYS knew you had a very vivid imagination, May, my darling; but I could not have believed it would have led you away quite to this extent."

his aunt and May, the day after her visit to the Clives.

"To what extent, Sydney? please to explain," she answered, smiling.

So spoke Sydney Leigh, as he sat at breakfast with

"To the extent of converting a set of paupers, and probably impostors, into the most romantic and aristocratic individuals possible."

"I assure you my imagination has nothing to do with the matter, I have told you the facts exactly as they occurred."

"You have told me that a street-singer fainted, or pretended to faint, as I believe, at your door, for the purpose of exciting your compassion, in which she has perfectly succeeded; but it is too preposterous to imagine that a person earning money in that way could be a lady, or the guileless, refined girl you represent her to be."

"Wait till you have seen her," said May, with a confident little nod of her head.

"I have not the smallest desire to see her," replied Sydney, and with what strange feelings he remembered that speech in after times!

"I can bear witness to the fact that she has a most lovely voice," said Mrs. Leigh; "I heard her, though I did not look at her."

"A voice often sounds well in the open air, which would appear intolerably vulgar in a room," said Sydney.

"Vulgar!" exclaimed May. "Oh, Sydney, you really do not in the least understand what sort of a person you are talking about. It would be quite impossible to connect vulgarity with Irene Clive in any shape or way; there is the most perfect refinement in everything she says and does—in the tones of her voice, as well as in each line of her face."

Sydney made a movement of impatience without answering, and May gave rather an anxious glance at his face.

"Dear Sydney, you are looking quite grave about it," she said. "What is there in the matter to disturb you so much?"

"Simply this, that if you remain in your delusion with regard to these people, it is quite likely that your impulsive generosity may lead you to some act you will have great reason to regret. I should not be at all surprised, for instance, if you were actually to bring this girl into the house when her father dies, if she persuades you that she has no other shelter."

A sudden blush passed over May's face, while she gave a little laugh, half conscious, half embarrassed.

Sydney looked keenly at her, and said quickly, "My conjecture has hit the mark more nearly than I expected, you really have some such plan already."

Concealment on any subject, great or small, was an impossibility for true-hearted May Bathurst. She looked up deprecatingly at Sydney. "I only thought that I might give her a home, and make her of use at the same time as a companion to Aunt Leigh, now that I shall be so much less with her than formerly."

"Because of your onerous duties to my unworthy self," said Sydney, smiling. "Well, no one could be more anxious than I should be to secure this most

charming of aunts against anything like loneliness; but you will certainly not get my consent to delivering her up to the tender mercies of a 'lady' who has been in the habit of singing in the streets! Of course, for the present, you are at liberty to do what you please in your own house, May, but I trust you will let me influence you in this matter."

"Dearest Sydney, you know I will do whatever you wish," said May, in a low voice.

But she looked so much distressed and disappointed, that Mrs. Leigh said tenderly, "You may be quite sure that no one could supply your place to me, my darling; but if this young girl is really all you imagine her to be, it is possible your plan may be carried out, without Sydney finding any reason to object to it. It has just occurred to me, however, that I might probably be able to gain some information about her."

"You, auntie!" said May, looking up surprised.

"Yes; did she not tell you that the name of the parish where her grandfather was rector, is Grims-worth, in —shire?"

"Yes, and it was there that her grandmother continued to live to the last; so that it was Irene's own home till about a year ago."

"Then she must be known to the present rector, Mr. Archer, and he was once curate of our parish church when my husband and I lived at D—; he sometimes writes to me still, and I could easily ask him to tell me all he knows about these Clives."

"Oh, do, dear auntie! I shall be so glad if you will," said May, eagerly; "and if Mr. Archer's account of them is satisfactory, Sydney—if all that Irene has told me proves to be true—you will not object to my doing what I can for her, will you?"

"I should not consent with a good grace to her coming into the house, at all events. I feel an unaccountable repugnance to the idea of your having anything to do with this girl. I am sure you will repent it." He looked thoughtfully at May as he spoke, and she answered his gaze with a glance of surprise.

"It seems strange that you should have that impression; but surely it can only be because you imagine that she is a low person who is deceiving me?"

"I do not know, I am sure; I am only conscious of a great desire that you would let these people drop back into their native obscurity."

"If they should prove in any way unworthy, I will, of course; but it is simply impossible that I can suspect Irene Clive of untruth, and I feel sure that if you could have seen their state of suffering last night, you would have wished me to help them."

Sydney shrugged his shoulders without replying. He could not have explained to himself the sense of resistance he felt to the idea of this girl, of whom he knew nothing, becoming in any way connected with their household. Was it, perhaps, that mysterious instinct which sometimes warns us of the approach of any sinister influence on our lives?

May, however, watched his darkening looks with no small disquietude; the faintest shadow on that beloved face was pain to her. She went softly up to him. "You must not mistake me, dearest. I have made no definite plan with regard to this poor girl yet; it is quite too soon to think of it. I only had a passing idea that aunt might like her as a companion; she is so sweet; but you know, my own Sydney, your wishes must always come first with me."

Alas, yes, poor May! always his wishes first; before each generous impulse, each heaven-drawn aspiration of your divided, struggling soul!

"Good little May," said Sydney, stroking her soft hair caressingly, "I know you will always do what is right and kind; but you are too tender-hearted to be left to your own devices."

"At all events," said Mrs. Leigh, "nothing need be done for those poor people, beyond relieving their present sufferings, till we hear from Mr. Archer. I will go and write to him at once, as his answer will probably show us very plainly what it would be right to do for them."

She left the room as she spoke, while Sydney sauntered off to his club, and May went to prepare for her visit to the Clives, that she might be quite ready when Dr. Fleming came for her. He was not long in making his appearance, for punctuality was one of his virtues, and it is an almost inestimable one in a physician, who has it in his power, from mere carelessness, to inflict no small suffering both on his patients and their friends, by delaying the visit to which their thoughts and hopes are often turned, as the one event of the twenty-four weary hours of anxiety and pain.

As May and the doctor drove along, their conversation naturally turned on the family they were going to visit, and she was delighted to find that, keen-sighted as he was, his opinion of Irene and her father entirely coincided with her own. She told him of Sydney's idea that they might be low people or impostors.

"Leigh does not know what he is speaking about," he answered, with the utmost impatience; "that girl is as transparent as crystal, and as pure. I ought to know impostors when I see them, for I was often enough duped in the beginning of my work among the poor; but that is long ago, and I understand human nature tolerably well now. Trust to your own instincts, Miss Bathurst, in this matter, and you will act rightly; that poor child deserves all you can do for her."

And, truly, when May found herself once more face to face with Irene Clive, she felt that Sydney's doubts were absolutely preposterous, as applied to this fair, delicate girl, with her trusting, innocent expression, and her modest grace of manner. She was looking, if possible, even more lovely than the evening before, for the opiate administered by the

doctor had given her father a good night, and the poor child had enjoyed several hours of such quiet slumber as had been very rare with her of late; the conviction, too, that she had found in Miss Bathurst a friend on whom she could lean for guidance and help, was a source of the greatest comfort to her, as she had not sufficient strength of character to stand alone, and, further, her buoyant nature had risen from its depression under the influence of a ray of hope for her father's recovery, which his unusual tranquillity had induced. So there was a delicate rose tint on the fair cheek, and a smile on the sweet lips, which lighted up the whole charming face as she came forward to meet her new friend; and May could not help thinking how Sydney's artistic eye would have dwelt on her with delight, and how speedily all his injurious doubts would have been dissipated, if he could have seen her for a single moment. She herself felt irresistibly attracted towards the gentle girl, as Irene clasped her hand in both her own, and fixed on her face the brightest look of gratitude and trust, while she told her how her visit the preceding evening seemed to have brought peace and comfort to them all.

"I slept so well," she said, "and felt quite happy when I woke this morning with just the remembrance that I should see you again to-day; and my poor father was very tranquil all night, through the wonderful medicine Dr. Fleming gave him, so that even Xanthi could rest sitting beside him."

The old woman heard her own name, and guessed what Irene was saying. She came forward, and kissed May's hand with an expressive gesture which showed how thoroughly she shared her young mistress's gratitude; and May could only feel, as she looked at them both, that it would be almost impossible for her to forego the exquisite pleasure of giving them help and comfort.

"But Sydney will never wish it when once he has seen them," she thought; "one look at Irene will banish all his prejudices," and, dismissing her fears on the subject, she turned with Irene to hear the doctor's opinion of Mr. Clive's condition.

"He is much better, is he not?" said Irene, looking up anxiously into the doctor's face; "he has lain so very still all the morning, and has had such a good night."

"He has not taken much nourishment, has he?" asked Fleming.

"No, it seemed only to disturb him when I offered it to him; I thought I would wait till you came. He seemed to wish only to go on sleeping."

"This is not sleep, is it?" asked May, in a whisper, as she looked at the deathlike face of Clive, whose eyes were only half-closed.

"No," said the doctor, in the same tone; "it is stupor, the worst symptom he could have."

Irene, bending over her father, was kissing his forehead gently, but he took no notice of her.

"Shall I give him some wine?" she said to the doctor; "or had I better not awake him?"

"You can wet his lips with it from time to time, but it would do no good to force him to take it."

"But you do think him a great deal better, do you not?" said Irene, uneasily; "he has not been so quiet for days as he is now."

It was Fleming's principle always to tell the truth, both to his patients and their friends. He used to say that emphatically truth was love, both in the heavens above and in the earth beneath. They are indissolubly united in the being of Him who is truth and love eternal, and cannot, therefore, be severed when they come into operation amongst men; now and for ever—*veritas est major charitas*.

Dr. Fleming turned to Irene, and gently laid his hand on her shoulder. "My dear child," he said, "I cannot deceive you, though it grieves me to give you pain. Your father is not better; he is slowly but surely passing away from you."

Irene looked at him for a moment, as if she hardly understood him; then, as a full comprehension of his meaning burst upon her, she turned with her usual impulsiveness to May, and, flinging herself into her arms, hid her face, sobbing, on her breast.

It was plain that the poor child was learning to cling with all her heart to her new-found friend; and it was impossible for one of May's generous nature not to respond warmly to such tokens of trust and innocent confidence; she soothed Irene fondly, whispering to her wise and loving words, which soon stilled her sobs, and recalled the lessons of submission to the will of God, which her grandmother used to teach her.

Irene looked up at last, and said, with a mournful calm, "If he is going from me, I must not lose one of the precious moments when I can still be with him: I will leave his side no more." And turning from May, she sat down on a low seat at her father's bedside, and taking his wasted hand in hers, remained intently gazing on him.

"Miss Clive," said the doctor, gently, "there will be no change for many hours—perhaps not for a day or two. You must not wear yourself out."

"I could not rest away from him now," she answered simply; then slowly withdrawing her eyes from her father's face, she looked up at Fleming, and said, "There is one question I believe I ought to ask. When my grandmother was dying, our clergyman used to come and see her, and do what he could to teach and comfort her; but my father could not hear or understand, if any one came to him for that purpose now—could he?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Once," continued Irene, "the curate of this parish heard there was a case of illness here, and came to the door; but my father would not allow me to ask him in. He said he would not have him come to spy out our poverty, and he was very violent

and excited about it, and told me if he ever came again, I was not to admit him. Now that he is helpless, and can no more forbid me, I could not bear to disobey him," she added, tears gathering in her limpid blue eyes.

"Your father was mistaken in his prohibition, I think; but I can perfectly understand your feeling on the subject," said the doctor, kindly; "and it is certain he could comprehend no words that might be spoken to him now, good or bad: it is too late."

Too late! and the last idea that had filled his mind before the deadly stupor crept over his faculties had been the false vision of that earthly fame, which, even in its reality, is the falsest of all the delusive glories that flicker out with the first breath of chill air from the opening sepulchre. The vain hope, the one ambition, to which his life had been sacrificed came mockingly before his dying eyes arrayed in guise of truth, and won from him the last glance—the last conscious thought, that might have appealed to the Eternal God for pardon.

"I can do nothing more here," said Dr. Fleming to May—"at least for the present. Shall I take you home before I go on to see my other patients?"

May would very fain have remained longer with the poor girl, who seemed so little fitted to bear the burden of her trials alone; but she feared that Sydney might think she showed a disregard of his wishes if she did so, after what he had said in the morning, so she agreed at once to go with the doctor. Irene must meet her sorrow without sympathy and help from May Bathurst, rather than that the faintest look of displeasure should meet her from the eyes whose shining made light in all the world for her.

May was wilfully blind to the results on her own life and character of her utter devotion to Sydney Leigh; but her heart did smite her, as she met Irene's wistful, appealing glance when she went up to take leave of her. She felt thankful that the timid, sensitive girl did not ask her to stay; and hurriedly telling her she would come early next day, she went out with the doctor, after having privately put a sufficient amount of gold into Xanthi's hand to ensure the family having all they could possibly require for some time to come.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN May Bathurst returned to visit the Clives next day, she found Irene still seated at her father's bedside, precisely where she had placed herself the morning before, having evidently remained there throughout the whole night. She looked very pale and worn, with dark lines under the sleepless blue eyes, that seemed unable to withdraw their mournful gaze from the face that was so soon to be hid from her sight for ever. She did not hear May come in, as she entered with a noiseless step, in her anxiety not to disturb the sick man; but Xanthi, who was

standing behind her young mistress's chair, saw the lady at once; and coming to meet her at the door, she began, in a very expressive dumb-show, to explain to Miss Bathurst that Irene had kept her sorrowful watch all night, and had never closed her eyes. The faithful Greek woman was evidently sorely disturbed and anxious about her darling, and May could only try to make her understand by signs that she would do her best to induce Miss Clive to take some rest. She went round to the side of the bed, where Robert Clive lay almost in the same position as that in which she had left him—quite unconscious, his breathing slow and laboured, and his face ghastly with the ashen grey shade which so unmistakably betokens the end. For him nothing more could be done, even by the mighty human love that has grappled with death at the close of every mortal life, since the day when Eve first looked upon the blood-stained corpse of her beloved son, and knew that the avenger of sin had come into the world.

May turned away from him to look upon his gentle, patient daughter, and a faint light stole into the sad eyes, as they met her kindly smile. The little hand came gliding into her own, and the sweet, musical voice said, softly, "What consolation it is to see you, dear Miss Bathurst!"

May stooped to kiss her. "I am so sorry you have sat up all night; you look quite worn out. Do go and lie down for a few hours now."

"I cannot leave him—not long shall I be able to look upon him. Dr. Fleming has been here; he says he is very much weaker, and he can take nothing now—not even wine."

"But Xanthi could watch by him, and wake you in a moment if he moved."

Irene drew May's hand to her lips, and kissed it. "I should like to do everything you tell me, you have been so kind to me; but I cannot—I cannot lose these last few hours. I do not know how I am to go on living when he is taken. No father! no home! I cannot even think what is to become of me. Life seems only possible while I still have him. He does not know me; but while I can yet look on his face, all is not quite lost to me of the past."

How May looked to tell her that she would take her to her own home, to give her comfort and protection there—that she should never feel the desolation of orphanhood, with gentle Mrs. Leigh to be a mother to her and herself a sister; but the thought of Sydney restrained her. She closed her lips over the words of generous impulse, that would have been like refreshing waters in the burning desert to poor Irene, and only looked down tenderly on the fair head that now was pillowed on her arm; for the poor child was weak and weary, both physically and mentally, and it seemed to comfort her to feel she had a friend on whom to lean in that sad hour. Gradually, as May remained silent and motionless, Irene's tired eyes closed gently, and she fell into a

quiet slumber, her soft hand relaxing its hold of May's, who passed her arm round her waist to support her.

Some time they remained thus, Xanthi making gestures of delight at seeing her young mistress taking even this insufficient repose, when suddenly May heard the clock of a neighbouring church strike twelve. She flushed crimson, for Sydney had made her promise to return home precisely at that hour in order to ride out with him. Perhaps, though she did not know it, he had purposely fixed that time in order to curtail her visit to the Clives; however, he had made a special request that she would go with him then, without fail, and to disappoint Sydney Leigh in even the most trifling matter was utterly impossible for poor May. Yet it did seem cruel to disturb this exhausted girl, just when she was gaining a little respite from her toil and sorrow. One moment May lingered, then the thought of Sydney's dark eyes glancing at her in surprise and annoyance became intolerable. Making a sign to the Greek woman to take Irene from her, she tried to place her so gently in her nurse's arms that she should not wake; but in this she did not succeed. The first movement broke the light slumber. The young girl started up with a look of bewilderment in her great blue eyes, then, as she saw that May was going gently towards the door, she stretched out her arms appealingly towards her, saying, "Are you going to leave me?"

"Only for to-day, dear Irene," said May, hurriedly. "I will come to you as early as I can to-morrow, I am very sorry not to stay with you, but I cannot help it; I must go."

Irene rose and opened the door for her, with a quiet grace and dignity of manner which would have abundantly satisfied Sydney Leigh, had he seen her, that she was indeed a true lady. "It is most good of you to have come at all," she said. "I ought not to have thought of asking you to stay. What you have done for me already will make me grateful all my life, even if you should never be able to come again."

"But I will come, dear child, to-morrow without fail," and hastily bidding her good-bye, May ran down to her carriage, and told the coachman to take her home as quickly as possible.

She was soon driving rapidly through the streets, but as she thought over the incidents of her brief visit to Irene Clive, the sudden idea passed through her mind that Philip Evans would not thus have left the dying and the sorrowful to struggle as best they might, with burdens heavy to be borne, for any earthly consideration whatsoever. There would have been no real difficulty in sending a message to tell Sydney that she could not leave the Clives in their affliction, no difficulty but the pain it would have given her to cross the will of her idol in the smallest particular, and this she would not do, while Philip Evans had no other aim or object in his whole exist-

ence than to give himself to all whom he could help or comfort, for love of Him who laid down his life, not only for his friends, but for his enemies.

Why had this man Evans become so strangely a sort of second conscience to her?—for ever goading her to try her actions by his pure and lofty standard? She turned impatiently, almost angrily, from the thought of him, and looked out eagerly to catch the first glimpse of Sydney's horse which the groom was walking up and down before her door; her own was waiting also. She flew to get ready, and soon was riding gaily with Sydney through the sunny park, with such a light of joy in her eyes and glow upon her cheek, that he congratulated himself on seeing his future bride for once look almost pretty.

The next morning's post brought the answer from Mr. Archer to Mrs. Leigh's inquiries, and he not only fully corroborated every word Irene had uttered, but spoke in the highest terms of the whole family, with the exception of poor Robert Clive himself, whose worst fault, after all, he said, had been his extravagance and inordinate vanity and ambition. He had known Mrs. Clive well, who, like her husband, had been of gentle birth, though without fortune. She was a charming old lady, he said, and her granddaughter had grown up, under her care, one of the sweetest and most amiable girls he had ever known, singularly pure-minded and modest in spite of her remarkable beauty. It had so happened that he was absent when Mrs. Clive died—a stranger taking his duty—so that he only heard on his return that Mr. Clive had come to Grimsworth for the funeral, and had immediately taken his daughter away with him, no one knew where. Mr. Archer continued, that he was shocked and grieved to hear to what an extremity of poverty they had fallen; but he was not altogether surprised, as he knew that Robert Clive's

improvidence, and his delusions respecting the future success of his poems, amounted almost to insanity, and he also knew that he was far too proud to have asked help from any one, even if he was starving. Mr. Archer concluded by saying that he felt thankful poor Irene had found a friend in Miss Bathurst, as any kindness that could be shown to her would be most thoroughly well bestowed. May was overwhelmed with delight at this letter. She went dancing about the house all the morning in high glee, and the moment Sydney appeared she ran with it to him and begged him to read it. She watched him with eager eyes as he scanned the closely-written sheet, and the moment he had finished she exclaimed, "Now, Sydney, dearest, that is quite satisfactory, is it not? It puts an end to all your doubts, I am sure."

"It corroborates the girl's story, certainly," he said, tossing the letter somewhat impatiently on the table, as if he were tired of the subject.

"And you will not object now to my doing all I can for her?" continued May.

"Oh, please yourself after your own fashion, May, I shall not interfere, though I must say you afford an excellent example of the remark made by the Frenchman upon us English, that we 'take our pleasure sadly,' there could hardly be a more *triste* amusement, I should think, than fraternising with a set of poverty-stricken people in an attic; but since they prove to be respectable there is no great harm in it, and you can do as you like."

May was wise enough to see that she had better let the matter drop for the present; and the conversation turned to Sydney's arrangements for the day, which she found would leave her free to be with the Clives as much as she liked, since he intended going down to Richmond to dine there with some of his friends.

(To be continued.)

THE FEET OF JESUS.

CHAPTER V.—THE DEMONIAK.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC. ETC.

"Then they went out to see what was done; and came to Jesus, and found the man, out of whom the devils were departed, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind: and they were afraid."—Luke viii. 35.

This is a skilful hand which can produce a perfect picture with masses of cloud above, and with darkness in the foreground as well as in the background; the whole of the picture's light being concentrated on two figures with dazzling brilliancy.

This St. Luke has accomplished here; and he could not have done it had not the material been supplied to him direct from heaven.

Everything here is black—the demons, the swine, the conduct of the Gadarenes—but, lit up with an intense light, is to be seen Jesus, and the man out of whom the devils were departed, sitting at his feet.

This man is to be our study now—(1) how the man came to be at those feet; (2) the man as he was there; (3) as he *was seen* there; and (4) as he was sent away from there.

And in inquiring into how this man, known as "the devil-possessed," both far and near, came to be found at such a place as "the feet of Jesus," and under such altered circumstances—"sitting," "clothed," and "in his right mind"—our minds revert to the figures in the picture, with which the chapter opens.

It is by no chance, by no hasty and unskilled manipulation of the brush, that such figures could be produced. There are inherent difficulties which

present a resistance to the artist. We might say, there is a preliminary resistance to be overcome, and a preliminary process to be gone through. Both these we find here. Let us, so far as we can, trace the working in of the immediate background, which by its darkness throws out the figures of Jesus and the demoniac sitting at his feet. We shall confine ourselves to this; and, it may be, as we proceed, the reader will find that some of the dark colours which are mixed are those with which he is, from sad experience, only too familiar himself.

This man did not come into his sitting posture at Jesus's feet without preliminary resistance, and that resistance presents us with three important characteristics. It was the resistance of darkness, of effort, and of debased intelligence. We have these three ingredients well defined.

The man was in a state of utter darkness as regards Jesus; not as regards who he was, for St. Mark tells us (v. 6) that, "when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshipped him, and cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God?" but as regards his character and mission; his only idea of Jesus was that of his being a tormentor.

That the man had an awfully debased intelligence we shall see presently; but, co-existent with that, was his profound darkness.

When it is put in so many plain words, we are startled at the idea of a man calling Jesus a "tormentor." From our youth up, we have always heard of his sweetness and tenderness, and of his invitations to the weary and the heavy-laden to come to him, and he will give them rest; and there is scarce any one professing to be a Christian who would not shrink horror-stricken from the blasphemy of calling him in plain terms so fearful a name; but underneath the thin gilding of nominal Christianity, we soon come to the debased metal of the natural heart; the only real idea of many a one is, that he is his tormentor. This is one of the hard speeches which the hearts of ungodly sinners have spoken against him; and concerning which he will execute judgment, when he cometh with ten thousands of his saints.

It may seem hard to some that they should be held accountable for speech which they have never uttered with their lips. They say, "Human laws do not take note of any but overt acts." But the law which has to do with your souls takes note of the libels of the heart; it hears a voice out of the depth of the darkness of our inner feelings and desires say of Jesus, as the crucifying crowd said, "Away with him," or, as the demoniac howled out, "Torment me not."

The pressing home of the truth, the immediate and undeniable presence of Christ, the feeling that a man has to do, not with what he has read or

heard of Christ, but with his very self, brings out what he really thinks of him by nature—that he is a tormentor—torment me not.

It is the work of the prince of darkness; it is the great lie of darkness; there, in darkness about what Jesus is, does the evil one like to keep the soul; and such is the utterance he delights to hear it make.

No wonder that people do not want to have any close dealing with him when they think of torment and discomfort—that so many young people will have nothing to do with him, saying, "If I become what people call a Christian, I shall lose all my pleasures; and so many older ones say, "And I shall not be able to devote myself so thoroughly to my business, making it all in all to me as it is now." The heart that loves says, "If I answer this claim of a higher love, those who now have my affections cannot have them as thoroughly as they had before. Jesus, we adjure thee, torment us not. We will not do anything openly against thee, but do thou nothing against us; torment us not.

This poor demoniac did not know that Jesus never took but to give—never emptied but to fill. He had no idea of there being anything beside wandering in the tombs; and thought that to lose even that wretched existence, would be, perhaps, to go out into the deep. He was like many now, who think there can be no change from what they have or are, to what is better; but that the loss of these is the loss of all.

This was one point of resistance which had to be overcome before the demoniac could be brought to the feet of Jesus.

As might naturally be expected, the passive resistance of opinion issued in the active one of effort.

What strength this man had, and indeed it was terrible, he put into his rejection of Jesus—he "cried with a loud voice."

It may seem to us that there is nothing wonderful in this, seeing the man was a demoniac—that the loud cry is what was to be expected from him. And just because it was what was to be expected, is it likely to escape our notice in the teaching which it has for ourselves. He was under demon rule; and it is the law of demon nature that it should put forth all its strength against Christ.

In this case, the cry was outward and audible; but such cries are now often to be heard in the spiritual world, though, as far as mere human hearing is concerned, all is silent; or there may be even a passive endurance of the presence of Christ.

There is One who judges not after the seeing of the eye, nor after the hearing of the ear; and he hears voices which appear to join in family worship,

and to mingle with the psalmody of his Church, crying out from the heart's real depths, "What have I to do with thee, thou Son of the living God?—art thou come to torment me?"

There is something very awful in the energies of a man's nature being gathered up in resisting Christ—in the loud voice so ready to rise against Jesus; especially when compared with the feebleness of the voices which rise for good.

And in the day of great account, when the history of the soul's transactions with Jesus shall be disclosed, how many will there be who will then for the first time discover, to their horror, the amount of energy they had put into their rejection of Jesus—how loudly they repudiated—how loudly they cried out against him!

That loud voice of the demoniac, however startling to others, was not so to himself—he was accustomed to "crying;" and so it may be with man now; he may cry long and loud, and yet unabashed, against Jesus. Satisfied with his own state, a man may all the while be crying out against the Son of God, and pouring the blasphemies of the heart into listening ears in the other world.

The resistance offered by the demoniac to Christ was not, however, one of simple violence. The evil spirits, when they entered into the *swine*, acting in a manner suitable to the nature of the creatures in which they were lodged, impelled them violently down a steep place into the deep; but when in the *man*, they wrought through a debased intelligence. The demoniac said, "What is there to me and to thee?"—*i.e.*, what have we in common?

He recognised the existence of distinct and widely divergent paths for himself and Jesus; and embodied the thought energetically in the loudness of his cry. Of all the cries wherewith that man made the solitude of the graves ring again, there was not one, into which he more terribly put his whole being than this. And although it be not accompanied with loud cries, or be shouted out to the world, yes, even though on the other hand, the spiritual demoniac be a cunning rather than a violent man, and tries to hide his principle of action from the world, still he who stands out in opposition to Christ, does so upon a like foundation with the demoniac here.

The foundation of all rejection of Jesus is the deep inward feeling that we have nothing in common with him; and, moreover, that we do not wish to have.

A man sees that Christ's ways are not as his ways; and that for him and Christ to come together is like the meeting of fire and water.

There are numbers of men who would be content to have Christ, if they could keep their old selves alone, but they know enough to feel they cannot; and so they bid him go.

This man took up a demoniacal standpoint, from

which he viewed himself; putting himself as a devil, possessed out of the common family of manhood, and denying that he had aught to do with Jesus the Son of the Most High God.

Now from what standpoint did Jesus view this man? He took him, we conceive, in the twofold power of his being the Son of God and Son of man.

This demoniac, when he cried, "What have I to do with thee?" put a question to which he thought there could be but the one answer—*viz.*, "nothing," but to which Jesus knew there was another; and in that other lay the man's deliverance and life.

The one thus possessed of devils, and directly challenging Christ with this question, was a *man*, and Jesus was Son of man, as well as Son of God.

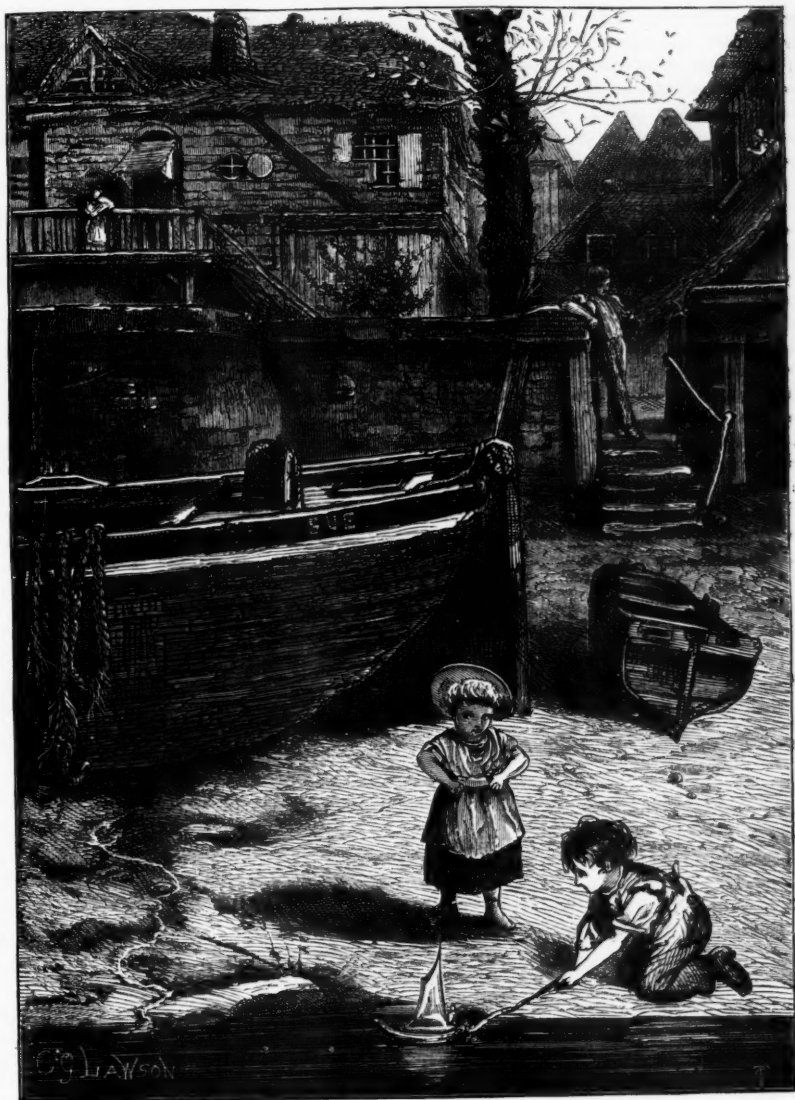
Horrible as was the condition of the devil-possessed, there was a point of common humanity and interest between him and Christ. The human nature thus degraded, was the same as that which sinlessly belonged to Jesus himself. And Jesus recognised the humanity of the man. He said (Mark v. 8), "Come out of the *man*." The man's identification of himself with the devils, "My name is Legion: for we are many"—that, coupling together and intermingling of the "I" and "we," is not recognised by Jesus; he severs the man from the spirits, and sets him free as a man again. "Thou unclean spirit, come out of him!"

It is well—yes, it is essential to our spiritual life, even to our salvation, to be strong on the subject of the Godhead of Jesus; it is equally necessary that we should be strong on that of his manhood. Nothing is to be gained by our impairing in the slightest degree the perfect humanity—and the completeness of the humanity—of Jesus. On the other hand, there is great loss; for if Jesus be not full man, human sinfulness apart, the key to infinite treasure is lost. Where is our Sympathiser? where our experienced Friend? where our very Sacrifice?

To detract from the fullness of Christ's manhood is as much to disturb the harmony and full proportion of his being, and to wrong and misunderstand him, as to detract from his Godhead. Touch his perfect Godhead, or his perfect manhood, and you have no longer the Christ of the Bible; nor, we may add, the Christ of your own need.

And descending from Jesus to ourselves, we may repeat a portion of this observation. There is nothing to be got by impairing the dignity of manhood; even as, on the other hand, nothing is to be had by exaggerating it. There are opposite schools of thought by which each of these errors are taken up. He who would know what man really is, must hold part of what is held by each.

One practical point, however, is suggested to us here by Christ's recognition of the man, and his refusal to acknowledge the obliteration of humanity by the indwelling of the devils. It is this—



"Tiny hopes afloat
In a fairy boat"—p. 554.

As man, with all the great possibilities of manhood, with all its privileges, with all His own community with it, His own interest in it, you are before the Lord. He is predisposed to look favourably upon you. Your very humanity goes for much with him; it is important in his eyes. Jesus does not acknowledge the right of evil beings or propensities to have possession of you. How completely then have all who would struggle against evil the sympathies of Jesus on their side! How is he willing that the nature which he himself bears in all sinlessness should be rescued from evil in every way! How have we with us the Son of God, and Son of man.

And then, forasmuch as our eyes must be kept closely upon Jesus, mark how this man was saved by what was in that Holy One, and not by anything in himself. He was so clouded as to his state, so overridden with evil, that all that came forth from him was the cry of repudiation of any oneness with the Lord; but the clear eye of Jesus saw all; and out of the love and pity of his own heart, he acted, and called back the man to true manhood, yes, and to his own feet. It was Jesus's view of the man's necessity, and not his own, that did it all.

And thus there came an end to the terrible "often" of which we read—the binding with fetters and chains, the plucking asunder and breaking in

pieces of those bonds, the futile efforts of man to tame him. All the man's sufferings, his double woe, from the tyranny of the devils, from the discipline of his fellow-men, were ended.

From all suffering there is a voice of comfort, if we be skilled to catch its tones; and they are to be found here.

We know perhaps the meaning of the word "often," sadly know it, in our own history, and in that of dear ones, whom over and over again we have attempted to control, but all in vain.

This "often" is found more or less in the history of every soul; how terribly in that of some! perhaps, how terribly in our own!

But Jesus can deal with our "oftens" as well as with our "seldoms," the latter frequently as bad as the former.

We mention them as embracing all our need, our omissions and commissions; our violence and our apathy; our all of evil, whatever it may be; therefore, let us take courage.

Man has failed. We have failed with others, with ourselves; the remembrance of the "often" is overwhelming us. We have expended all known means—fetters and chains—for binding up evil. Let us remember this demoniac's "often," the "often" of his friends, and where we found him at last—at the feet of Jesus.

NOW AND THEN.

NLAYING by the stream,
Full of peace and joy—
Life a pleasant dream,
Happy little boy!
Tiny hopes afloat,
In a fairy boat—
Boat that needs no oar.
Ah! so near the shore.

Standing by the stream,
With a care-wrapt brow;
Life, no more a dream,
But a waking now.
Hopes, far out of sight,
Borne with tempest might
O'er the misty main,
Ne'er to come again.

MATTHIAS BARR.

DAYS IN THE HOLY LAND.

CHAPTER VII.—NAZARETH.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., F.R.S., MASTER OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, AND HON. CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN.

CAN any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

So—playing, perhaps, on one of the possible derivations of the word, from *nazora*, or "despicable"—asked Nathanael, the guileless Israelite. To-day the question is often repeated, and the one sufficient answer—almost the only possible answer—is now, as it then was, "Come and see." Then it meant, Come and see One who speaks as never man spake; come and see One who, though he be but the

carpenter of Nazareth, yet overawes the souls of all who approach him, seeming by his mere presence to reveal the secrets of all hearts, and yet drawing to him even the most sinful of human beings, with an infinite and yearning love. Come and see One from whom there seems to breathe forth the irresistible charm of a sinless purity, the unapproachable majesty of a Divine life. "Come and see," said Philip, convinced in his simple faithful heart that to see Jesus was to know, and to know was to love, and to love was

to adore him. In this sense, indeed, we can say, "Come and see" no longer; for since the blue heavens closed on the visions which were vouchsafed to St. Stephen and St. Paul, His earthly form has been visible no more; but there is another sense, no less powerful for conviction, in which we can still say, "Come and see." Come and see a dying world revived, a decrepit world regenerated, an aged world rejuvenescent; come and see the darkness illuminated, the despair dispelled; come and see tenderness brought into the cell of the felon, and liberty to the prison of the slave; come and see the poor and the ignorant, and the many for ever liberated from the intolerable thralldom of the rich or the illuminated few; come and see hospitals and orphanages rising, in their permanent mercy, beside the crumbling ruins of colossal amphitheatres; come and see the obscene symbols of a universal degradation obliterated with indignation from the purified abodes; come and see the dens of lust and tyranny transformed into sweet and happy homes, idolatrous atheists into believing Christians, rebels into children, and pagans into saints. Ay, come and see the majestic acts of one great drama continued through eighteen Christian centuries, and, as you hear the voice of a Saviour searching with his loving questions the very reins and the heart, you too shall exclaim, with the pure and candid Nathanael, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel!"

"Out of Nazareth;" for the Son of God lived but three-and-thirty years upon the earth, and nearly thirty of those years were spent in that little white town by the hill-side on which we are now gazing for the first time. He was called the Prophet of Nazareth; even in the inscription on the cross he was described as Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. Who can forget all this as he gazes on it? There have been travellers who have seen no beauty in Nazareth, who have called the landscape ordinary, the town commonplace. It may be so. The eye sees only what it brings with it the power of seeing. Much of all the beauty which affects us in gazing on any aspect of Nature must come from *within*; it is purely subjective. The idiot and the savage will gaze at a magnificent landscape with perfect indifference, wholly unimpressed. It is said that the French soldiers in the army of Egypt, when Napoleon led them into Palestine, were so utterly ignorant of Scripture that many of them knew nothing of the sacred histories attached to Tabor or Bethlehem. Very probably they may have seen nothing remarkable in Nazareth. I can only say that to me it appeared clothed with an almost idyllic loveliness. And if, as Dr. Johnson said, the mind must indeed be dull which would not swell with enthusiasm at Marathon and glow amid

the ruins of Iona, then what must be the mind of the Christian who could look unmoved at the peaceful Nazareth? But my sole object now is not to moralise; not to dwell on events in our Saviour's life; not even to touch on the general history and peculiarities of the little Galilean town, but simply to bring the place as well as I can before the reader's imagination by describing what I saw.

The general aspect of Nazareth I described in my last paper; the singular valley, more than a mile long, and about a quarter of a mile broad; the crown of limestone hills around it; the small green cornfields; the luxuriant fig-trees; the white buildings; the graceful minaret; the little Christian church; the broad, square, massive buildings of the Franciscan convent; the ravines that scar the base of the northern rampart of the valley, and the town of some four thousand inhabitants—Greek and Latin Christians and Mahomedans—clinging to the hill-side, and flowing downwards to the fountain. Remove the church and minaret, diminish the convent buildings, and so far multiply the houses as to allow for a larger population of twelve or thirteen thousand, and in other respects its general appearance can be but little altered from what it was when it contained one sweet home of peace and purity, and when one Sinless Child was growing up among its despised and rude inhabitants.

Instead of at once riding into it, we made a détour to mount the summit of the hill on which it was built—conspicuous, far and wide, by its Moslem tomb. It is the white-domed wely of some obscure Mahomedan saint—Neby Ismail. One meets with such tombs universally throughout Palestine, and they crown a great many of the hills. The reader may remember that there is a similar tomb—that of Sheykh Ghranem—on the summit of Gerizim; but to see it here—to remember that the two most prominent features in the landscape of Nazareth are the minaret of the mosque below and this miserable whitewashed crumbling wely above; to be thus visibly reminded that the servants of the False Prophet are lords of the land where lived the True; to find the memorials of that poor and sensual anachronism—the religion of Islam—towering over the scenes which, centuries before Mahomet, were so dear to the Christian, gives one an inevitable shock. Strange that such sites and places are so totally neglected. Surely if one might anywhere expect to find the choicest memorials of Christian art; if on any place one could have looked for the lavish outpouring of magnificent devotion in all the splendour which wealth and genius could bestow upon its expression, one might have expected to find it here. The supposed tombs of the apostles at Rome are cased in marble, and covered

by the superb and richly-decorated dome which the intellect of Michael Angelo devised;—the shrine of the Three Kings at Cologne is part of a glorious cathedral, and is loaded with offerings;—in old days the relics of St. Thomas of Canterbury were almost encrusted with gold and gems; but here, in the spot where for thirty years—all but a small fraction of His life—wandered the feet

“Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our salvation, to the bloody cross,”

—here, where was the home of Him from whom the very idea of home derives all its dignity and all its sweetness,—here, where every Christian might well take off his shoes from off his feet, because the place whereon he standeth is holy ground—here, all the traces to be found of Christianity are the very ordinary structures of two violently-rival churches! and the sole witness to the existence of our own reformed religion is a chapel which would be considered poor in England if it belonged to the smallest and narrowest of dissenting sects. On the very spot where it is absolutely certain that Christ must have often trod,—where on the hill-top he must have often sat among the flowers to meditate and to gaze on the prospect beneath him,—where the blessed Virgin must, we think, have often brought her Holy Child to enjoy the delicious coolness of the dewy evening air—here is the poverty-stricken, crumbling, staring monument of some Moslem prophet, of which no one knows the history, and of which very few can tell the name!

We rode eagerly to the summit along the ridge of the lateral hill; but, eager as we were, I could not but spring off my horse, more than once, to gather some exquisitely beautiful flowers of the squill kind, which blossomed here in great exuberance. They grow in tufts, and the flowers are of a pure rich cream-colour with one darker line across the centre of the petals. I saw them nowhere else, though I noticed as many species as I could of the countless flowers which we saw in Palestine. Nazareth is famous for flowers which they call the Virgin's roses; for, under the influence of the Roman Catholic religion, the Christians of the Holy Land are apt to attribute all that is beautiful far more to the Virgin Mother than to that Divine Son, who said to the listening multitude, “Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

Arrived at the wely of Neby Ismail—the mere existence of which in so incongruous a situation disgusted and saddened me—we turned our horses loose, and neglecting the earnest entreaties and cautions of Achmet not to trust ourselves to the ruinous weatherbeaten stones of the little tumble-

down structure, clambered to the summit of the dome; and there, for a full half hour or more, we sat, simply entranced by the beauty of the spectacle. The scenery of Palestine in general—at any rate in early spring—was considerably lovelier than anything which I had been led to expect. Such a view as we had seen from the brow of Neby Samwil is not easily forgotten; but this view from the hill that rises over Nazareth is the finest in all Palestine; there can be few scenes which surpass it in natural beauty; there is no scene in the whole world which equals it in sacred interest. In those subtle emotions which influence the soul,—in those inward feelings which affect our vision, and give, for instance, a beauty which transcends all other beauty to the faces which we love, even when those faces are not beautiful in themselves—it is impossible, perhaps, to disentangle from the external impressions which we receive, those richer elements which we ourselves supply. It is, therefore, impossible for the Christian to criticise and compare the scene on which he gazes from the hill of Nazareth with any other scene; and yet, subject to this deduction, I should certainly have said that there is but one other view in Europe—even in lands of lake and mountain—which, from its mere beauty, has exerted an equally powerful influence upon my memory—that is the celebrated view from the top of Monterone, a hill not far from Orta, commanding on one side the massive snow-clad rampart of the Monte Rosa range, on the other the whole plain of Lombardy watered by the Ticino and the Sesia, with Milan and the Mediterranean visible in the blue distance, and with the most exquisite lakes of Italy lying in their dazzling and mirror-like tranquillity at the feet. The physical features of the landscape, which lies outspread beneath us as we stand on the Mountains of Zabulon, are far less vast and grand, but they blend into a whole which is equally striking, because it appeals to deeper associations and livelier memories.

Dean Stanley has observed that the two most absolutely certain sites in Palestine—the two spots where we may feel with the most absolute conviction that we are standing where our Saviour stood—are, the well of Jacob, where Christ talked with the woman of Samaria, and the turn of that road upon the shoulder of the Mount of Olives, from which the traveller gains his first full view of the city of Jerusalem. Surely the spot on which we are now standing may be added as a third. The wretched wely, if it performs no other service, at least marks distinctly the summit of the hill. Most certainly there is no child of ten years old in Nazareth now who has not often wandered up to it; most certainly there could have been no boy at Nazareth in olden days who had not followed the common instinct of humanity by climbing to

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the easily-accessible point, which gives a view of the world beyond. It is true that the face of the hill rises precipitously above the town, and to get to the top in this direction requires a steep climb; but by a little *détour* you can easily reach it in less than half an hour. And if the boy Christ were ever here, he would have seen exactly what we are seeing now. The hill rises sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea; eight hundred feet below lies the happy valley. About half that distance beneath him, among the square, flat-roofed houses, his eye would have distinguished the little home which sheltered the shop of the carpenter; to him almost every field and fig-tree, every palm and garden, every house and synagogue, would have been a familiar object. These hills are not bare and hard, like Gerizim or the hills of Judah, but soft and fertile. And then, beyond the valley, turning to the northward, lay first another narrow strip of plain, and then the wood-crowned hills of Naphthali, with Safed, "the city set upon a hill;" and to the eastward of these is visible in the distance the huge, white, splendid mass of Hermon, uprearing his colossal shoulder, covered with eternal snows; and to the west, the ridge of Carmel, with its forests, and Caifa and Accho, and the dazzling line of white sand which fringes the blue waves of the Mediterranean, where had passed and re-passed for so many ages the ships of Chittim; and to the south was outspread the entire plain of Esdraelon, so memorable in the national history, looking at this season of the year like a map made of jewel-work, with its rich vegetation, its gleams of vivid sunlight, and the purpling shadows thrown over it by the clouds, which now were heavy with the latter rain. And if our Saviour ever visited this spot in his later manhood—if, in that love for occasional retirement which marked his character, when by a few hours of solitude he would strengthen his soul in lonely commune with his heavenly Father—if, among his many journeys, he ever took *this* route from Capernaum to Jerusalem, and leaving his disciples to buy food among his ungrateful countrymen, wandered alone to this scene of his boyhood—then how more than ever rich in all strange and hallowed memories must this one

spot have been to him! There, a few miles to the north, lay Cana of Galilee, where, in the happier days of his opening ministry, he had beautified with his presence and first miracle the simple marriage-feast; to the east, though hidden by the nearer hills of Zabulon, lay Kurn Hattin, on whose broad green summit he had uttered those Divine beatitudes which all the good and the holy were thenceforth for ever to treasure in their inmost hearts. The lake which he loved so well—the lake where his feet had trodden the waters and his voice had stilled the winds—was not visible; but there, beyond it, rose the hills of Peræa, which more than once had secured for him privacy from the multitudes and safety from his foes. On one of those hills he had stayed all night in prayer, the vault of heaven above him being his great cathedral dome, and the stars of an Oriental night his crescent-lamps. To the west, beyond the olive-groves of Asher, were the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, where the Syrophenician woman had won that great victory of faith; and southward—besides Endor, with its memories of Israel's miserable king, and Jezreel, once so stately with its cruel palaces and apostate temples—there on the slopes of Little Hermon was that "village called Nain," the scene of his tenderest and one of his greatest miracles—where he had recalled the widow's son to life. And just beneath him was the town where the angel had announced his birth; and his feet were on the very hill down whose cliffs, immediately below him, the men of Nazareth, in their anger and blindness, had endeavoured to hurl him. On that sad occasion he had indeed passed through the midst of them and found another home; but nevertheless *there*, across that plain, lay the path, leading southward over the hills of Samaria, southward over the hills of Judea, to that city which had ever been the murderer of the prophets, and where, in prophetic vision, he saw already the agony in the garden, the mockings and scourgings, the cross and the crown of thorns. What a world of memories, awful and rich and strange! and what a happy privilege to gaze on such a scene from the very spot where He had gazed upon it once!

SPECTACLE FAIR.

A PARABLE STORY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEAVER LISETTE," ETC.



EVER so many miles away, in a country with a name so long that I'm sure you would never be able to pronounce it, there lived a farmer who was called by his countrymen Farmer Gainallankeepit. He was called thus because he was the most successful man for miles round, so much so that people's

wonder at his good fortune was scarcely ever mingled with envy.

As you may have guessed, there was a secret in his prosperity; a real secret it was, for it was not even known to his good wife or to his little fair-haired son, Griskin. The only shadow on Farmer Gainallankeepit's life (no life is so bright that it has

not a shadow) was that his little son had not learnt this secret, and that he could not communicate it to him; he must discover it for himself.

Griskin was quite unconscious of the concern with which his goings out and his comings in were regarded by his father, who was ever on the alert to catch any sign of his having discovered the precious secret. He spent his days at school and his evenings and holidays in cricket or football, the passing years developing him into a sturdy, ruddy-faced boy, the pride of his father, the delight of his mother.

"Griskin, Griskin, how late you are!" called his mother one fine morning, as she placed in his satchel some tempting viands for his dinner.

"Here I am, mother," exclaimed Griskin, as he came bounding in at the open door, bearing in his hands a bunch of forget-me-nots. "See what I have brought you. I am not a sluggard, mother, dear," he added, somewhat reproachfully.

"I ought to have known you were not," she replied, kissing him and placing the satchel in his hand.

Griskin returned her kiss, and in another moment was trudging away right merrily; but unfortunately—or, rather, fortunately as it turned out—he never saw the great stone that stood in his way, but went stumbling over it in a manner that brought him to the ground, giving his foot a very awkward wrench.

Finding that he could scarcely stand, he limped to a tree on the other side of the road, and leaned against it until the pain should be somewhat abated.

The tree was close to a hedge. Two old women were also close to this same hedge, as Griskin found out from the following conversation:—

"This world is a wretched place," exclaimed one.

"Everything and everybody as ugly as sin," replied the other.

"In my opinion it's them wretched spectacles we bought at Wonderful Fair. I haven't never seen right since I had them."

"What a foolish old woman!" thought Griskin. "Why doesn't she take them off?"

As if in answer to his thoughts, the other old woman replied, "So it is mine; and the worst of it is, I can't get them off now I've worn them so long. Did you ever try?"

"No," replied the first, "but I will."

Griskin's curiosity prompted him to look through the hedge, when he saw a most extraordinary sight. The old woman gave her spectacles a tug, and had got them off as far as the tip of her nose, when to Griskin's astonishment they mounted slowly back to her eyes, and fixed themselves there. She made several more efforts, but each was weaker and less successful than the last, and at length she failed to move them at all. Then the old women went on their way, and Griskin, whose foot was now much better, limped along to school, pondering over what he had seen and heard.

For the next few days he could do nothing but think of the strange event, and at last he determined that as soon as the holidays should arrive he must set off in search of Wonderful Fair, where such very extraordinary things were sold.

The break-up day came, and on the very next morning Griskin, telling his father and mother that he was going on an exploring expedition, and that he might perchance sleep at his uncle's house, distant about ten miles, set off on his journey.

He followed the road that he had perceived the old women to take, and walked along it the whole day. At night-fall he inquired of the passers-by if they could direct him to Wonderful Fair; but they had not even heard of it. This was somewhat discouraging, but Griskin was a brave little fellow, and was resolved that if there was such a fair in existence he would find it.

Having long ago passed his uncle's he slept in an empty barn, and by daybreak was again on foot.

After walking another ten miles he once more inquired of an old man the way to Wonderful Fair.

"Don't know of such a one," replied the man. "There's Spectacle Fair."

"Ah, that's it!" cried Griskin, with joy, and found that he had to walk another ten miles.

When he had gone about five miles further, he noticed that every one who passed him wore spectacles. Some were smiling and happy; more were looking sour and miserable, and yet Griskin could perceive no particular difference between the spectacles that one and another wore.

At length Griskin came to a large field in which were a quantity of tents with flags of every conceivable colour waving in the breeze.

He elbowed his way through the throng that choked up the entrance, and passed in. The throng inside was as great as that outside, and it was with some difficulty that Griskin managed to see what was being bought so eagerly. Nothing but spectacles, which, as they lay upon the counter, Griskin perceived to be of every shape and colour, although, when worn, no difference was to be detected. He went on into another booth; here, also, nothing but spectacles could be seen. He passed through five other booths, and still he saw nothing but spectacles.

A counter apart from the rest was an old man who, for some reason or another, seemed to be unheeded by the crowd of buyers. This was exactly the opportunity that Griskin wished, and accordingly he made his way up to the counter, and desired to be shown some of the spectacles.

The old man took up a few of the pairs that were lying about, and placing them in Griskin's hand, bade him choose. This was a somewhat difficult matter, but after some time he decided upon a pair that appeared beautifully clear, with just a tinge of yellow on them, and having paid the price, started off in great glee homewards.

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Arrived there, he lost no time in putting them on. I should have told you that these spectacles were scarcely visible when quite new, and that unless any one had very good eyesight, and gave the wearer a very searching look, he could not possibly detect them. Thus it was that no one but Griskin's father discovered his purchase, for his mother's sight was decidedly failing, and the servants did not see enough of him.

At first Griskin was delighted with his spectacles. He seemed to see everything so clearly that he imagined he should never again be able to do without them; but after a short time the faces of those around him seemed to be overspread with a sickly hue; the food which his mother prepared so temptingly for him, ceased to look inviting; the home with its well-known furniture was no longer the cheerful place it had been, but had become rusty and dull-looking; even the bed-hangings and sheets of his bed, on whose whiteness his mother so prided herself, appearing, to use his own expression, as if they had been washed in pea-soup. Whether it was on account of this unpleasant state of things or not, I do not know; but everybody began to notice about this time how Griskin was altering. His temper was becoming so bad, and he was so cross and disagreeable, that even his playfellows shunned him. Now, strange to say, Griskin, who felt the alteration that had taken place in himself, never attributed it to the spectacles, which he had become so used to that he scarcely remembered their existence, but imagined that his health must be impaired, and that he should be quite right again by-and-by.

But in this he was deceived, and there is no telling what might have happened to him had not his father, who guessed the truth, said to him one day, "Why, Griskin, my boy, what has made you wear spectacles?"

Griskin made no reply, but it struck him that they might have something to do with the unpleasant appearance which everything had assumed for him. As soon as he was alone he endeavoured to pull them off; but they had become almost fixed on his face, and it was with no little difficulty that he managed to do so.

On examining them, he found that the pale golden tinge he had so much admired had deepened into a bright and sickly yellow. Here, then, was the secret of the jaundiced appearance of every object he came in contact with. "I can understand now," he exclaimed to himself, "why some of the people who wore these spectacles looked so peevish and miserable; but there were also others who appeared to be thoroughly contented and happy. Surely I must have made a bad choice."

Accordingly Griskin again set off, in order to exchange his spectacles for another pair. The old man smiled when he heard Griskin's tale, and bade him choose another pair. Those that he selected this

time were tinted of a light blue, but after having worn them a short time, he discovered that his temper had undergone another change, and that he had become so morose and sullen as to be disliked by all who came near him. This was owing to the melancholy aspect of everything seen through the sombre-coloured glass, and Griskin determined to have nothing more to do with colours, but to choose a pair perfectly plain, hoping to find in them the wonderful qualities that caused such numbers to attend the fair.

The old man smiled again when Griskin told him that he had come to change the blue ones for some quite plain, and handed him a pair beautifully set in gold, and in appearance as clear as water.

These Griskin wore with great satisfaction for some little time. He imagined at first that they rendered the objects he looked at slightly distorted in shape, but this certainly must be a fancy, he reckoned with himself, for were they not perfectly clear?

However, as the time went on, he found himself constantly in hot water. His mother's face appeared to him to be continually frowning, so much so that he constantly avoided her. At school his exercises were written all over and below the lines, in so disgraceful a manner as to cause the master to cane him for his carelessness; and when he read, he left out some lines and read others twice over in a most exasperating manner. This was the more provoking, as he always endeavoured honestly to do his best, and to be lowered from the position of first boy to that of the lowest by this unaccountable means, was intolerable. If he attempted to help his father, the farmer would declare that he was more harm than good, that he scattered the seeds about on the ground, instead of into the trenches prepared for them.

The spectacles he had forgotten soon after he had put them on, and remembering them suddenly one day, he could not believe that, so beautifully clear as they were, they could be the cause of all his misfortunes. However, he jerked them off, and on examining them narrowly discovered across each a very fine crack, not so large as a hair. No wonder that he had made so many mistakes. One of the effects of the crack was that when he imagined he was looking at one spot, he was in reality looking at another. Hence spoilt copy-books, bad gardening, and all sorts of failures.

Again he returned to the old man, and rated him soundly for having sold him such worthless spectacles.

"It is no fault of mine," replied the man; "you chose those that you liked the best. If I had given you advice you would not have taken it. No one likes my advice, so I never give it."

This Griskin was honest enough to acknowledge to be but wise of the old man.

"I imagined," continued Griskin, "that these

spectacles would by some magic power render me always happy, or at least show me many wonderful things that were denied to the ordinary sight, for the first pair that I saw I immediately perceived to be magic, and I thought that as some were made unhappy by them, so others might be made happy. But I am afraid that I am one of those unfortunate beings whom these magic spectacles render always unfortunate."

"You are right, and you are wrong," replied the old man. "These spectacles certainly possess the powers you have attributed to them, but you are wrong in thinking them magic. These effects are simply caused by some peculiarity in the make that is quite unperceivable until they have been worn some time. Your own experience shows you that one pair had a very fine crack in them, another pair were yellow, which, after a time, so injured your eyesight as to render everything sickly-looking and disagreeable; those of a blue tint caused things to appear so dark and melancholy, that your spirits were affected, and you became ill-tempered and morose. Your case is not singular. There is scarcely one person out of a hundred who chooses well, but few are so resolute as to pull them off before they have become fixed to the face, for this is a peculiarity of the manufacture, that the longer they are worn, the more difficult they are to remove, and they are also so light and exquisitely made, that one very soon forgets their existence."

"That I know to be true," replied Griskin; "and now may I beg of you to guide me in my choice?"

"After the experience you have had, willingly," replied the old man, and he took up a pair very light and small.

"Surely these will be no good," exclaimed Griskin, "the glasses are so small and thin, that they can have no effect whatever. I have passed them over each time, and wondered that you should have any so insignificant-looking."

"As you like," replied the old man; but Griskin, remembering that he had solicited the advice, determined to abide by it.

He put them on there and then, and discovered that they were of the palest rose tint, and of surprising clearness. How pleasing was the effect.

Everything he looked at appeared to be bathed in rosy sunshine. The beauty of the surrounding objects thus viewed filled his heart with joy, and it was with a face beaming with happiness that he entered the house upon his return.

From this time everything prospered with him. His cheerful, pleasant face gained him friends everywhere, and how could he help being happy when everybody and everything presented to him so bright an aspect—the reflection of the sunshine he carried about with him? And his father was now as happy as he himself, for his son had discovered the secret of success.

I would not have you imagine this story is without a meaning. However, I am not going to tell you what it is. Think it out! Only make sure that the invisible spectacles which bestride your nose are of the right sort. That's all.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

167. Give a passage from the New Testament which declares the manner in which the prophets prophesied.

168. What name is very frequently given by Isaiah to God, which is, with one or two exceptions, not to be found in the rest of the Old Testament?

169. Isaiah distinctly assigns the cause of the captivity. Give his words.

170. Our Lord, in quoting from a prophet on one occasion, declared his own title. Give the prophet's name and the passage.

171. What injunction respecting the public reading of the law do we find? Mention an occasion on which it was observed.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 528.

158. 2 Sam. v. 4. "David was thirty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned forty years."

159. Acts xix. 4. "John verily baptised with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus."

160. Acts ix. 14. "And here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on thy name."

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